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CENTENNIAL ORATION,

DELIVERED AT PORTLAND,

JULY 6, 1886

—BY—

HON. THOMAS B. REED.

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CENTENNIAL ORATION.

WHOEVER stands, on a clear summer day, on the verandah at Cushing's Island and looks across the harbor, will find his eye resting upon a scene which for loveliness and varied beauty has no superior, and perhaps no parallel anywhere on the broad earth. The long slope of grassy verdure varied by the darker foliage of the trees spreads wide to the water's edge. Then begins the bright sparkle of the summer sea, that many twinkling smile of ocean, that countless laughter of the waves which has lighted up the heart of man centuries since Eschylus died, and centuries before he lived. Across the sunlit waters, dotted with the white sails or seamed with the bubbling foam of the steamer's track, past the wharves, bristling with masts and noisy with commerce, the gaze falls upon the houses sloping gently upward in the centre and becoming more and more embowered in trees as they climb the hills at either end. Following the tall spires the eye loses itself in the bright blue sky above. On the right are the roadsteads and the islands stretching out of sight. On the left are Fore River, the forests, the Cape and the boundless ocean, and altogether a scene which mingles all that is best and bright of sea and shore. If you shut your eyes and let the lofty spires disappear, the happy homes glisten out of sight, and the wharves give place to a curving line of shelving, pebbly beach; if you imagine the bright water unvexed by traffic, the tall peninsula covered with forests and bushy swamps, with the same varied expanse of island and of sea, and the whole scene undisturbed by any sound save the clanging cries of innumerable birds and water fowl, you will be looking upon Machigonne as it appeared to George Cleeve in the year 1632, when he landed, not knowing what a beautiful city he was to found, and never dreaming that at this distant day his name would be honored by so many people on the very scene of his varied struggles, his alternate victories and defeats. Where

George Cleeve was born, where he lived before he came from England or where his bones now rest no one of his unnumbered descendants knows today. His labors have been over more than two hundred years. He was a strong, vigorous man, full of expedients, bold of speech,—"rash," they called it in those days when they used to fine men for expressing opinions—tenacious, and with an amplitude of resource which strikes with wonder whoever considers his straightened circumstances and the results he brought about against powerful and persistent foes. In the whole of his long life of struggle and contention his enemies were never victorious except in his extreme old age.

He first came to this country in 1630, and built a house at Spurwink, from which he was driven by Trelawney's agent, John Winter, who being also a masterful man, became his life-long enemy. In the year 1632, Cleeve, with his wife Joan, his daughter Elizabeth and his partner, Richard Tucker, landed at the cove which is now covered by the Grand Trunk grounds and which then received the little creek, on the bank of which he built the first house on the Neck. This first house was near where the foot of Hancock street corners on Fore street. There for four years he tilled the land he cleared, traded and, we may hope, got some small gain. Finding his title disputed by his old enemy he took the resolution to go to England, and found himself there in 1636. In England, by his "excellent address and commanding ability," he, an Independent in religion, at a time when Laud was in full possession of his greatest power, procured from Sir Ferdinando Gorges and brought back with him, not only a deed for the whole Neck from Fore River to the Presumpscot, but also a plan for a united government of New England, which, had it been adopted and succeeded, might have made him a name as widely known as Winthrop's, and might have made Massachusetts greater today by the whole of New Hampshire and of Maine. But Winthrop, though cognizant of the magnanimity and fairness of Cleeve toward himself, rejected the plan, feeling that firm faith in his own charter which subsequent events justified. The fates were wiser than the designs of Cleeve, and in the result the Province of Maine belonging to Massachusetts, has become the State of Maine belonging to itself. Armed with his deed, we might have expected that George Cleeve would now trade and plant and traffic in peace. But peace is not the characteristic of a new settlement. Emigration

means vigor, and vigor likes to have its own way. Our ancestors in New England did not do as they do beyond the Mississippi, start a graveyard when they started a town. They went to law instead, a process which, while it may be as afflictive in its results as the Western method, has the abounding merit of encouraging a deserving profession, and of not being so sudden. Cleeve's law-suits about his title he won twice over. But winning them twice over was not enough.

In those days the strong man kept his house until a stronger came and took it away. Evidence is plentiful that a powerful conspiracy well calculated to be successful in the end, had been formed against the owner of the Neck. But his enemies belonged to the Royalist party, and while their combination was forming against him the news came in 1642 that their friends over the water had met with disaster, and that Oliver Cromwell had appeared victorious on the scene. Cleeve, with that wise promptness to seize an advantage which was not the least of his characteristics, immediately crossed the Atlantic. He found his enemies on that side of the water, the backers of his enemies at home, dispersed and overthrown. He immediately set to work, and in a short time had induced Sir Alexander Rigby, a powerful member of Parliament, to purchase the Lygonia patent, which covered an area of forty miles square, stretching on the seacoast from Cape Porpoise to Merrymeeting Bay, and back into the country to a line which crossed the head of Long Pond. Of this territory Rigby appointed Cleeve the deputy president. Knowing that his foes at home from whose machinations this happy turn in English affairs had enabled him to escape, were entrenched behind their *de facto* rights, and in that far-off country were not likely to yield their power without a struggle, he petitioned Parliament and obtained from it a commission to examine into charges of misgovernment which he filed against them. He then returned home and met the opposition his foresight had anticipated. For the next three years, marked on his part by a course of conduct remarkably judicious, especially when his earnest and headstrong nature is considered, his authority was successfully resisted; but in 1646 the Commissioners of Foreign Plantations decided in his favor, and George Cleeve took his rightful position as a recognized leader among men. From that time until the death of Alexander Rigby in

1650 the Province of Lygonia, and especially the Neck, enjoyed peace and prosperity, while all around was discontent and misgovernment. These four years were the great days of George Cleeve. He was the first citizen of a prosperous community created by his own energy, vigor, and persistence. His enemies were subdued, his title seemed at rest and his authority was everywhere recognized. Shortly after Rigby's death, however, the tide began to turn. From that time until his death everything at home and abroad set against him. Not only his old enemies reappeared with the young and vigorous Jordan in place of John Winter who had died, but the great Province of Massachusetts Bay began to assert over Lygonia rights which had lain in abeyance for so many years. Against all this sea of troubles Cleeve, in his old age, but with his old courage, took up arms, bating not one jot of heart or hope. For seven years he kept up the unequal conflict at home and abroad, but was obliged in 1658 to yield to the claims of Massachusetts. From that time he was a loyal citizen of that province, though justice was denied him to the last. Before his death, which happened perhaps in 1666, his personal fortunes appear to have come to a low ebb, though that idea seems hardly compatible with the offices to which he continued to be chosen. But though old and beaten and poor, his generous and unconquerable spirit still survived; for within two years of his death he was bound over to keep the peace with those who persecuted, after the fashion of those strict old times, an old servant of his better days.

The history of the first thirty years of Portland shows how close the world is bound together. In all its fluctuations that history was closely responsive to the great events which marked those years in England. The bays and harbors and estuaries of the sea have each their own little waves, but the great lift of the tide comes only from the broad waters of the ocean itself. The battle of Nasby, which made Oliver Cromwell Lord Protector of the great commonwealth of England, made George Cleeve the Governor of the little Province of Lygonia, and by one of those singular apparent inconsequences of which history is full, the approach of the days of Charles II. overthrew his short-lived supremacy and broadened the boundaries of Puritan Massachusetts.

At the death of Cleeve there could not have been many persons on

the Neck, which was the popular name for what is now the city of Portland. Out of the forty families which, in 1675, lived in the town of Falmouth, which then extended from Spurwink to Clapboard Island, running back eight miles, only five or six lived on the Neck. The year 1675 was the year of the first Indian war. In the attacks on Falmouth which the savages made that year the whole town was rendered desolate. Thirty-two people at one attack were killed and carried into captivity. The minister, George Burroughs, who was afterwards executed at Salem for witchcraft, took refuge with ten men, six women and sixteen children on Cushing's Island, and was not rescued until ten days after. He was reserved for a sadder fate.

Two years elapsed before the people returned to their ruined homes, but this disaster was only the precursor of a greater devastation. During the next ten years Falmouth grew apace. Seven hundred people found homes within its limits, and one hundred and twenty-five populated the Neck. But the signs of a new Indian war began to show themselves from many directions. Baron Castine, exasperated by the sacking of his house at Bagaduce, had in 1688 captured the fort at Pemaquid and the next year a large expedition was fitted out against Falmouth and Fort Loyall, which had been built on the Neck after the war of 1675. The fortunate arrival of Major Church the very night before the attack, saved the town after a fight in which the enemy were routed and driven away. But the respite was of short duration. The next year the country, deserted by Massachusetts, was overwhelmed by an incursion of French and Indians, and for two years there was not a white man east of the town of Wells. So utterly paralyzing was this last blow that the bodies even of the brave defenders of our town lay unburied under the summer suns and the winter snows until Major Church performed the last sad duty for the bones of those of whose blood he was certainly guiltless. Had he been able after the fight on Brackett's farm to rouse the people of Massachusetts to their duty, the terrible calamity might never have happened. For twenty-six years, more than a quarter of a century, almost the lifetime of a generation, what is now the city of Portland, was deserted. The ruins of Fort Loyall stood in the midst of a wilderness. The homes had disappeared. The prosperous traffic had departed. But after the Peace

of Utrecht, one after another of the old inhabitants or their descendants, with new blood from the adjoining country, came back and took up the line of progress and growth which has never since been broken. From that time until Mowatt burned the town in 1775, our people no longer suffered aggression but became themselves the aggressors. In 1716 one Ingersoll built a hut on the Neck and lived there. He was called, therefore, Governor Ingersoll, and probably was the only governor there ever was in Maine who was entirely satisfactory to the better element of his party. Next year there came two others, Major Moody and Captain Larrabee. In 1718, there were fourteen families, and in 1725 came Parson Smith, who found twenty-seven families, perhaps a hundred and fifty people. In 1749, there were seven hundred, and ten years afterward a thousand. In 1764, the census gave three thousand seven hundred and seventy for the whole town of Falmouth, which perhaps would imply eleven or twelve hundred for the Neck. When the town was organized, just a hundred years ago, there must have been about two thousand people. It is the life and times of those two thousand people, and our happy deliverance, by the power of advancing civilization, from most of their troubles and sorrows, their habits, customs and ways of living, that we celebrate today. I trust that whoever takes my place a hundred years from now, may have as great an advance to chronicle in the happiness and comfort of all the people.

The miracle which a hundred years has wrought in the United States of America is beyond the pen of the historian and beyond the eloquence of the orator. Before such a wonder the pen moves in vain and the voice is uplifted to a task beyond its power. Maps made a hundred years ago show only a narrow line of settlement along the Atlantic coast and on the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans, while almost all beyond the Alleghanies is depicted like the unknown Central Africa before Livingstone entered on his voyages of discovery. Then no human skill or power could have guided any white man across that unknown waste which stretched from New York to the bay of San Francisco. No brave man then lived who was rash enough to dream of undertaking the journey. Today, in a moving palace of luxury, across bridges over mighty rivers, in tunnels through great hills, or climbing their mighty inclines, a mother sur-

rounded by her children may from Sunday to Sunday span the whole distance between the two great oceans. Then the journey from Boston to New York cost the physical price of four days, with sixty-five frightful hours of discomfort, beginning at 3 o'clock in the morning and ending at nightfall; while today five hours of comfort and repose quits us of the distance. It took nine days by post for the news of the capture of Burgoyne to come to Portland, while the fall of Sedan was known the next morning, and the bombardment of Alexandria was in the evening papers. We can girdle the world today in a minute. A hundred years ago the Constitution of the United States had not been adopted. We were not even a nation. A hundred years ago Benjamin Franklin was yet alive at the ripe age of eighty years. George Washington had thirteen years of life to live, and the whole career of Napoleon had yet to unfold itself to the astonished world. But not for me are any of these inspiring themes. My humble talk deals only with a little corner of the great world; but a little corner which is very dear to us here assembled, because it is beautiful and we love it, and it is our home.

A hundred years ago habitable Portland was bounded by High street, I might almost say by Centre street and India, by the harbor and Congress street. Within that little parallelogram were almost all the houses left by Mowatt, with those rebuilt since the devastation made by his fleet eleven years before. Of the fifteen wharves which then pushed a little way into the harbor, not one has preserved its name or its identity. The first five at the east are included in the Grand Trunk grounds, and all the rest must be substantially covered by Commercial street and its improvements. Munjoy hill had still its original pine growth, while Bramhall hill was covered with scrub oak, which were called Vaughan's woods. The swamp extended down to Winter street, and there was a big swamp in front of the *Advertiser* office, south of Federal street, drained by a brook which discharged itself at the foot of Exchange street. The houses of the poor were of but one-story, with a long, sloping roof. A great chimney in the centre gave two rooms on two sides, with fire-places, and a bed-room and entry on the other sides. The front room had a painted floor, with a few painted wooden chairs, a table for the Bible and psalm book. A few shells were on the mantel, the family register, and perhaps a few rude pictures on the wall. From this room, sacred to

"company" and to solemn occasions, the light of day was religiously excluded; board shutters took the place of curtains. The family did not live there. It was too good for them. They lived in the kitchen, amid the steam of cookery, the horrors of washing-day, and the smoke of refractory chimneys. The sides of this room were wainscotted in pine, four feet high, and the rest of the walls were of coarse plaster. The ceiling was also made low, for heat was not to be wasted. If the frame would have made it too high, the split boards on which the plaster was stuck were lowered by studs to lessen the space, which had to be warmed. The ceiling was soon begrimed with the smoke of the fire, and variegated by the steam of washing-day. The heads of the family had chairs, but blocks of wood were good enough for children. Candles, in iron candle-sticks, gave all the light which eked out the day. Japanned lamps for oil were for the front room and for visitors. On the dresser, a ladder of shelves hung against the wall, were displayed treasures of tin and pewter. In a chest was the crockery which adorned the state occasions.

The garret was unplastered, each rafter and board, with the chimney itself, had an individuality, from which no cunning device detracted. The architectural lamp of truth shone over the whole structure. The family clothing hung from nails wherever convenient, and in the garret were the family beds. Sometimes a rough board partition divided the garret, but this was rare. If there was a cellar there was no window to give light, and the sides had to be banked up in the winter with turf or pine boughs to make the cold blasts endurable. The houses of the rich had two stories, with four rooms on the first floor and four chambers on the second, with sometimes a porch, wherein to do the cooking. These houses had good cellars. The chimneys rested on arches, and the spaces under the arches were utilized for jam and preserves and such like delights. There were other houses, very few in number, perhaps not more than two or three, built within a year or two, which were still finer. The first brick house, the Longfellow house, had just been finished. Out of doors the contrast with the present day was still more marked. We were not within a quarter of a century of brick sidewalks. Perhaps there were a few flagstones in front of the dwellings of the rich, though Boston eight years later had none, and there may have been

some board walks but the people must have got about for the most part on trodden paths. Fancy the early spring time and the mud puddles; and the affectionate mud which stuck to you closer than a brother! At night there were no lights out of doors. If you wanted such a comfort you carried it yourself. It was not until 1810 that the town ventured upon the unexampled luxury of furnishing oil for forty lamps which were subscribed for by the inhabitants, and then the fire wards in solemn assembly thought these lamps would need to be lighted only a hundred nights in a year. But a hundred years ago street lamps were not necessary. There were no amusements. There was not even a fire engine for the boys to run with. There was no theatre. Even twenty years after the town solemnly reprobated the designs of certain evil minded persons who contemplated a play house, and the legislature was to be asked to prohibit its erection. There were no hacks. Not a ship was owned in town. There was no lighthouse on Portland Head, and there were only sixty-eight arrivals and eighty clearances that year. The first bank had yet to be incorporated thirteen years afterwards. Four or five letters came into town every week and as many went out. The roads were so bad that the mail was sometimes delayed over a month. It took five or six days to get to Boston. "Now," says Willis, in 1833, with commendable pride, "now the mail is dispatched every day, performing the distance in sixteen or seventeen hours," little dreaming that we should reduce the time to three hours and a half. My successor, if the world has luck, will state it in minutes or perhaps in seconds. We had one newspaper, published once a week on a half sheet. People who did not go on foot went on horseback. Even if a man owned a chaise he was careful about taking it out.

There was only one church, which stood where the First Parish now stands, but was broadside to the street. Sunday must have been a hard day to get through. There were no fires in the church. In the coldest winter it was unheated. Little foot stoves with glowing embers in them were all that mitigated the most arctic severity. The sermons were probably long, the prayers certainly were. The pews were square, the partitions being nearly as tall as a man. Everybody stood up at prayers. The seats were hinged so that they could be turned up for convenience of leaning. And certainly the

lay Christian ought to have had that convenience. He needed it. It was a provision in favor of life. When you read this quaint entry in Parson Smith's Journal, March 15th, 1740: "Had uncommon assistance; was an hour in each of the first prayers," you cannot repress the feeling inquiry whether the poor parishioners also had "uncommon assistance." To us in these soft and degenerate days it does really seem as if poor unassisted human nature could not have stood it.

The rich of that day were well dressed having wigs and three cornered cocked hats and much affluence of style. Everybody, rich and poor, wore breeches. Captain Joseph Titcomb — on whom be peace — first of men wore pantaloons in Portland in 1790. Homespun must have been much worn and suspenders not at all. The rich must have been able to fare sumptuously every day for there was abundance of fish, flesh and fowl to be had for money. The poor could have had very little white bread. Rye and Indian, with corn bread, must have been a large part of their diet with hasty pudding and molasses. The drinking habits were more than bad. It was quite respectable to get drunk. The rich got drunk and even the clergy at ordinations sometimes "forgot decorum," which is probably the clerical name for the same thing. It was quite a point with the poor man of those days to get drunk on Saturday so that he might have Sunday to sober off in. Liquors were furnished at funerals, and there must have been scandalous scenes, for the selectmen in 1788 "earnestly recommend" that the custom cease. The dead were carried to their graves by bearers. When Commodore Preble was buried in 1807, there was not a carriage in the procession. Of schools there was only one in the town, and thirty pounds was the expenditure for education that year. Cleanliness had not been reduced to a science and vermin of one syllable were not unknown. Cotton was not yet grown in the United States. There were no steam engines in America, and no lucifer matches anywhere on the earth.

I have thus given you a rough and imperfect picture (no one knows better than I how imperfect it is), of Portland and its life a hundred years ago. Between that day and this you can each for yourself make the comparison. Is there one who listens to me today who is not glad that his lot has been cast in the Portland of today

rather than on the Neck in 1786? And yet you will not go half through the next political campaign without hearing some praiser of the days gone by, on either side, bemoaning himself over the degeneracy of our times. You will hear the phrases, "the poor poorer and the rich richer," rolling in rotund sentences out of those who have so long ceased to be babes and sucklings, that out of their mouths is perfected no praise of God. The rich have grown richer, but so have also the poor. Richer in rights and privileges; richer in comforts and in happiness. I hold him to be a heathen and a publican who doubts that under the law of nature, the embodiment of which is God, the progress of the poor keeps more than equal pace with the progress of the rich. Far enough indeed are we from perfection. But whoever doubts progress, doubts God. "Whenever," says the president of the great Pennsylvania Railroad, "whenever we cease to spend money on capital account this road will begin to die." Whenever agitation for progress, agitation grounded on sound reasons, or false ones on wise reasons or silly ones, ceases, the race will have got ready to disappear from the earth.

Look around you and see what a hundred years in this little peninsula has done for the comfort of us all. The streets and sidewalks and parks belong to rich and poor alike. In 1786 what but an errand of mercy or necessity would have tempted a strong man to struggle with the mud and darkness of an April night in the journey from the head of High street to the foot of India? In 1886 any girl can go at night from Munjoy to Bramhall dry shod, lighted on her cheerful way by the blaze of electric lamps. When I thus think of the progress of the last century, and the sure progress of the next, I hope to be forgiven for the deep-seated envy with which I regard the happy Portlander of 1986.

I have no design to give you a history of Portland today. That history has been written by Mr. Willis and Mr. Goold, and its earlier scenes have had full justice done them by Mr. Baxter. And why should I try to do ill what they have done so well? My only design, by some glances here and there, is to show to our people how well worthy of study is the history of their own city. Here, we lead our prosaic, every-day lives, have happened events as tragic, scenes as thrilling as ever adorned the stories of those old world cities, for the sight of which we cross the rolling ocean. The quaint old letters

reveal love as tender and true, courage as undaunted and steadfast and patriotism as lofty and ennobling as any which have been celebrated in story or in song. Great deeds thrill us wherever done,—great words wherever spoken, for human nature is broader than place and wider than kinship; but where great deeds have been done and noble words spoken at our very homes, on our very hearthstones and by our own kith and kin, the thrill of pride becomes more positive because more personal. Who is there of you who hears me today who does not read with redoubled emotion, born of this sentiment of home and kinship, how this town waited with uneasy expectation and excited hope the issue of that gallant little sea fight in which the prowess of England and the courage of America were measured against each other by the brave sailors on the Enterprise and the Boxer? On this spot can human emotion ever cease to kindle when our thoughts rest on that little procession which conducted the dead captains to their romantic burial on the green hill side

> "Which overlooks the tranquil bay
> Where they in battle died."

There is but one old world romance more touching than this; that these two gallant young heroes who never met except as foes should lie side by side like brothers through the long night of time, overlooking the scenes of their last heroic endeavor.

What heart here is not richer with honest sympathy; who does not feel a deeper human interest in the great Commodore Preble when he has read the tender, manly letter in which he avows his love for the lady who afterwards bore his name. Love in all ages is the same, the same sweet mystery when fortune favors, the same awful sorrow, when fortune frowns. But Edward Preble, the gallant sailor, the scourge of the Barbary pirates, was our hero and we have a personal interest in the emotions of his heart as well as in his glory and his fame.

Who here does not have an individual delight, a personal satisfaction when he stumbles on that sturdy phrase in the old moldy deposition where deponent saith that George Cleeve, on being told he could have his house and land at Spurwink if he would attorn to Trelawney, indignantly declared "he would be tennant to never a man in New England." Thus spoke the spirit of the new continent

which echoes in our hearts today. The vigorous men who had put between them and the servitudes and tenancies of the old world, three thousand miles of watery waste, meant in the new world to be the peers of all others and the servants of none.

There is a little passage in the old diary of the great General Knox, whom George Washington loved, which interests us more than it does all the rest of the world. When the brave General was sent to Ticonderoga to bring cannon for the siege of Boston, he records on the first day of the year 1776 that he wrote letters to General Washington "and one to my lovely Lucy."—That "lovely Lucy," dead now long years ago, was the daughter of Hannah Waldo, the spirited girl who, tired beyond endurance, and angered beyond repression at the indecision and procrastination of her lover, refused in the presence of all the wedding guests to marry the only son of Sir William Pepperell, the greatest magnate there ever was in all New England. The "lovely Lucy" had all her mother's temper, and more than her mother's pride, and the great general whose artillery had been prevalent in many a siege and on many a field was not always master of the stately mansion he built in the wilds of Maine.

The town of Falmouth was twice destroyed. Twice was it sacked and left desolate. One scene in the first destruction, in 1676, always laid strong hold on my imagination. When the savages swooped in, killed the brave grandson of George Cleeve and carried the Bracketts into captivity, George Burroughs, the minister on the Neck, escaped to Cushing's Island, with ten men, six women and sixteen children. On the north slope, towards Peak's Island, can perhaps yet be seen the remains of the rough stone breast-work, behind which these poor people awaited death or rescue. What a blessing it was to George Burroughs that the prophetic vision so longed for in the earlier ages of the world was not vouchsafed to him. Over those long nights of vigil and those weary days of waiting, with the unpitying ocean on the one side and the merciless savages on the other, there hung no black foreboding of the shameful death on the scaffold to be inflicted on him by his fellow Christians, more cruel in their ignorance than the heathen in their wrath. Death by tomahawk and scalping knife he was to escape, only to meet a sadder doom at the hands of his fellow Christians. George Burroughs was executed for witchcraft at

Salem, in 1692. It was a shameful death; but not to him. He died as a brave man should, steadfast, prayerful and high of heart. Neither religion nor infidelity, neither faith nor science, nor the wit of man hath ever explained that mysterious way of God so often manifest in human history, when the brave, upright, truthful, manly man is driven ignominiously from the world, leaving it with all its honors and delights to the victorious miscreant, the sinuous schemer and the crawling coward. Yet in the great cycles of the Almighty the wicked flourish only for a season, while righteousness is like the stars, forever and ever.

Falmouth was destroyed the second time in 1690; but the year before it narrowly escaped destruction. In the old orchard, opposite Deering's Woods, near which the boys of my day and neighborhood used to spend many a holiday, unconscious of the tragic events which marked its earlier history, was fought the greatest Indian fight in the district of Maine. On the 17th of September, 1689, there had landed at Peak's Island two hundred savages who awaited until the 20th, a reinforcement, which doubled their number. During those three days the people could have expected nothing but destruction. They were few in number, utterly unable to cope with their enemies. It must have been a joyful sight to them, when at three o'clock on Monday afternoon, Major Benjamin Church came sailing into the harbor with the longed for but unexpected reinforcements. At night-fall, the Major, having carefully concealed his forces meanwhile, drew close to the shore, landed his soldiers, made his dispositions, ordered himself called two hours before daylight and then, like a prudent man, went to bed. The Indians, during the night paddled across Back Cove and landed in the rear of the Brackett farm. Promptly the next morning at half an hour before daylight, Captain Church, not knowing where the enemy were, stationed a part of his forces a half a mile from the town, probably in Deering's pasture, had them send out scouts, and himself returned to town. Before he could get breakfast an alarm called him back and he learned from Brackett's sons the position of the enemy. Captain Hall appears at once to have marched against the foe, crossing the creek above Deering's Bridge and to have been hotly engaged, while the two other captains, remaining on the other side, fired at the Indians over the heads of Capt. Hall's company.

Church, who had returned again to town to cause the musket balls, which were too big for his guns, to be hammered into slugs, found a few bullets and three knapsacks of ammunition and hurrying back had them transported across the creek. Then seizing the situation with the eye of a good soldier, he demanded how he could cross the creek farther up. When he was told there was a bridge, probably near where the railroad now crosses Portland street, he took the two companies remaining on this side the stream and ran shouting to the bridge. Crossing, and leaving there an ambuscade of six men, he ordered Captain Southworth with his company of English, to go down the edge of the marsh to the assistance of Captain Hall, while he, with the company of Indians, would go through the brush and attack the enemy in the rear. After much "bad travelling" through the matted brush, he had just got into position, when the word came that the enemy were making for the bridge. He rushed back to intercept them and his ambuscade told him the enemy were skirting the swamp at the head of the creek, further up, on their way to the Neck. Not knowing the country, he scattered his men and started in pursuit. He seems to have gone around Bramhall's Hill to Thaddeus Clark's farm, where the peaceful, undisturbed cattle, grazing in the field showed him that no Indians had passed that way. Hastily retracing his steps to the field of battle, he found the victory had been won, that his march to the rear, though abandoned, had done its work, and the Indians had dissappeared, carrying with them their dead. Church's forces lost twenty-one killed and wounded. Among them were two soldiers from the fort and two townsmen.

But the town, which had thus happily escaped, was not long to enjoy its security. The next year witnessed the successful attack which rendered Falmouth Neck an uninhabited wilderness for six and twenty years. Fort Loyall, of which all traces have now dissappeared, was built just before 1680, by the aid of Massachusetts. There has been left us no description of this fort, but it must have been large, for the town buildings were within the walls, which were made of logs. Besides Fort Loyall, there were the Ingersoll garrison, at the foot of Exchange street and the Lawrence garrison on Munjoy.

Fort Loyall was built near where Fore street crosses India, and stood on what was then a bluff fifteen feet or more above the water,

part of the men had been killed or wounded, after destruction by fire became a terrible certainty, the brave little garrison surrendered and were for the most part handed over to the savages. Quarter was promised but the promise was not respected. How many surrendered no muster list disclosed. We only know that a few came back from Canada. While the fight was raging two men from Spurwink climbed the hill and saw the burning dwellings, while a little shallop from Piscataqua sailed into the harbor in time to see the sturdy defence of the garrisons. These spread the news far and wide. After Casco fell, the marauding savages with fire and flame, completed the destruction of all which the fleeing and captured inhabitants had left behind them.

Of the last war episode in the history of Portland I shall not speak. Its bombardment by Mowatt everybody knows. A more wanton, indefensible assault upon an undefended city has not disgraced the annals of modern warfare.

But while the city has thus suffered by war and rapine it has also been the scene of much pomp and pageantry. Indeed the waters of Casco witnessed a great scenic display before a white man had set his foot on shore, for did not bold Captain Christopher Levett in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and twenty-three sail down the harbor "with the king and queen and prince, bow and arrows, dog and kettle, in his boat, his noble attendants rowing by us in their canoes?" and was not meat, drink and tobacco given to the lordly savages? and is not the same figured in Mr. Goold his book? Let us hope, to complete the glowing scene, that great fishes chased each other with heads like "the stone horses in a gentleman's park," that Michael Milton's Triton looked on approving, having not yet "dyed the water with his purple blood," while the "tyrant" bear on the shore paused a moment from his pursuit of the succulent lobster in the shallow pool.

On one great day in 1754 we had here the Governor of Massachusetts, and a Governor of Massachusetts of that day was a superior being, and suspected it himself. There came also a majority of the Council, and the Speaker of the House and eight hundred troops. They stayed with us ten days, and there was great feasting and parade. They treated with the Indians and went their stately way back to Boston, and lived happily ever afterwards.

I do not remember these two scenes, but I do remember the boyish face of the Prince of Wales, and that remarkable hat of the Duke of Newcastle, which I trust his posterity have preserved, for it must have descended from his ancestors. I remember also the wonderful grandeur of the saluting ships as they belched fire until the white smoke covered the sea and floated away against the black and lowering sky. I little thought as I saw that mighty line-of-battle ship, the "Hero," sail majestic out of the harbor with her ninety guns tier on tier, that I should live to see that representative of England's pride and glory as obsolete and defenceless as the old block-house at York. Yet only ten years afterwards there came steaming into the harbor the tall iron ship, the "Monarch," before whose powerful cannon and armored prow the great ninety-gun ship, which would have been the pride of Nelson in the days of his highest glory, could have had no refuge even in flight. But the mighty "Monarch," with its towering sides and its turrets of iron, which bore the dead philanthropist across the sea, the monitors which welcomed her to our shores, and even the great admiral, whose benignant face added a two-fold charm to the glory of his mighty deeds, were but the ornaments of the great historic event their presence signalized. The honors thus paid to the remains of an untitled citizen solely because he had been the benefactor of his race, marked another epoch in our progress toward that happy day when the bronze statues of military leaders on horseback will no longer be the sole adornment of capital cities, when war, noble and ennobling as it sometimes is, shall cease from the earth; when the great brotherhood of men shall become a fact and not a dream; when we shall have not only liberty and equality, but every talent and strength and power unselfishly consecrated to the good of all, we shall have true fraternity also, that bright vision alike of Communist and Christian.

Yet while I thus celebrate the longed-for victory of peace, and my hope of the speedy coming of the golden age, I was no more insensible than you when we beheld together on that wonderful day of June, only a year ago, the old men who had gone forth to battle in the prime of their manhood, the middle-aged men who had consecrated to their country the flower of their youth, go marching by the famous general, whose mind, as he stood uncovered to their cheers,

must have been thronged with strange memories of the brave days gone by. Ah! we cannot help it. Whatever reason may teach, or wisdom dictate, that heart is dead that does not vibrate with all its chords to the flow of martial music and the measured march of men who met death face to face on the stricken field.

I know that one here in my place today ought to speak in no stinted terms of the enterprising, solid and strong men and women who lived here one hundred years ago, whose sturdy descendants are scattered all over this hall. But to do it worthily would require not the knowledge born of hurried moments snatched from more engrossing duties, but that ripe acquaintance with all our history which William Willis carried with him to the grave, and which William Goold possesses today. Even then the day would be far spent before I could close.

Nor can I speak fittingly of the poets and artists, statesmen and scholars, who have adorned our history, and have helped to make the old town famous to the outer world. What justice would a page of description do to the character, the poetry, the genius of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow? How could I, in a passing mention, distinguish between what was brilliant and what was frivolous in Nathaniel Parker Willis. Would you have me undertake to portray in a sentence the strange genius of John Neal? I might as well try to bring back to this generation the pleasure and laughter which Jack Downing's Letters caused to the generation which flourished before I was born. Nor have I any idea that I could mete out the proper phrases for the ripe scholarship of Henry B. Smith, the theology of Dr. Nichols, the pastoral worth of Edward Payson, or the great administrative powers of Bishop Bacon. It would be invidious to select from the living, or I could not refrain from offering my tribute of admiration and regard to that aged minister who came to us from over the sea, whose noble face, whose stately beauty of language, whose full, strong, upright life has always made him seem to me the ideal Christian minister, preaching the faith and practice of which his own life is the shining example. I should feel much freer to speak, for they were almost of my day, of the fame which was lost to us by the untimely death of William Law Symonds, and of the fame which Walter Wells might have won had not that strong intellect been overborne by so frail a body.

Nor will I speak of the statesmen except as I saw them. Time would fail me to do justice to them also. George Evans came to Portland in his old age. I well remember hearing him present a case in court; and the impression which his quiet power, clearness and strength made on me then, has enabled me since to understand how he might have been the peer of the best in the days of Webster, and Clay, and Calhoun, and to comprehend what manner of man he was in his prime, when he attacked John Quincy Adams with such vigor and power that the old man eloquent, who never declined battle with any other man, saw fit to make him no reply.

The most impressive scene I ever witnessed took place in this very hall. Here, almost on the very spot where I now stand, William Pitt Fessenden stood, before the constituency which had loved and honored him for so many years. The hall was black with the thronging multitude. It was at the beginning of a great presidential campaign, the last he was ever to witness. The great problem of reconstruction was to be reviewed. Mr. Fessenden had been the master spirit in its solution. The war debt was to be assailed. Mr. Fessenden had been chairman of the committee of finance and secretary of the treasury. To all this was added the intense personal interest of his recent defeat of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. With full knowledge of the storm about him, but with the courage of perfect conviction he faced the responsibility. The occasion was a great one, but the man was greater than the occasion. Calmly ignoring, except in one sharp, incisive sentence, all that was personal, with his old vigor, terseness and simplicity, he explained to his townsmen the momentous issues of the campaign. From the moment he began, the party rage commenced to cease and the old pride in his greatness and honesty began to take its place. How strong he looked that night! Although all the world might falter, you knew that calm face would be steadfast. To him had happened the rare good fortune of having the courage and character which matched a great opportunity. Few men would have been so brave, and fewer still successful.

I have not spoken of the conduct of our city in either of the wars waged beyond its limits. That subject also would be too vast for an occasion like this. Nor do I like to speak at all of the one within the memory of us all. For us it has as much of sorrow as of glory.

It brings up to me always the vision of a fair young face, the quiet associate of the studious hours, the bright companion of the days of pleasure. Can it be that I shall never look into those cheerful eyes again? Can it be that neither the quaint jest of the happier hours nor the solemn confidences of the heart just opening to full sense of the high duties of life will ever again fall upon the ear of friendship or of love? It can be no otherwise. He can only live in my memory, but he lives there, sublimated in the crucible of death, from all imperfections, clothed upon with all his virtues, and radiant with all the possibilities of a generous youth. Other companions have failed in their careers, but not he. All the world has grown old, but he is forever young. And yet the dead, however sweetly embalmed, are but the dead. One touch of the vanished hand were worth all our dreams. All our memories, however tender, are consolation only because there can be no other, for the lost strength and vigor of the living, the stilled pulsations of a heart no longer beating to thoughts of earth. What safe my heart holds, holds many a heart in this great audience. The generations to come will celebrate the glory. This generation knows the cost.

With many words unspoken, with many thoughts unsaid, I must hasten to the close. There have been those in times past who have dreamed of a greater Portland than that on which our eyes now rest. They have believed that at some not distant day the old town of Falmouth, from Spurwink to Clapboard Island, would swarm with uncounted thousands; that on the land on either hand between us and the ocean the great warehouses would yet stand, bursting with riches brought over the sea and across the continent; that the great roadsteads where the tall sloops used to ride before a white man lived on the shore, would be studded with ships and thronged with the commerce of the world. If this wild vision shall ever become a reality, and the things of earth then concern us who sit here, there will not be wanting those who will think with sad, regretful remembrance of the golden sunsets which now gild the white hills and pour their softened radiance over the darkening forests, over the fields rich with bright vendure, and over the tranquil waters of the broad river, which ebbs and flows near the base of Bramhall's Hill. They will long also to stand again on the Munjoy of today and look out on the smooth, untroubled expanse of sea, on the great green

islands and all the varied landscape which lies between the eye and the horizon's edge. For whether your eye looks seaward or shoreward, there is no more beautiful city than the beautiful Portland of today. No wonder the thoughts of the great poet were so often on the lovely spot of his nativity. No wonder the brave and famous admiral, storm-tossed on many a sea, longed to take his eternal rest amid these bright scenes of his childhood. Yet this longing was not born of the memory of beauty alone. Whatever fame great achievements may bestow; whatever honors the world may give, it is ever the most cherished hope of every seeker after fame or fortune to be kindly remembered and lovingly honored on the spot which gave him birth.

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